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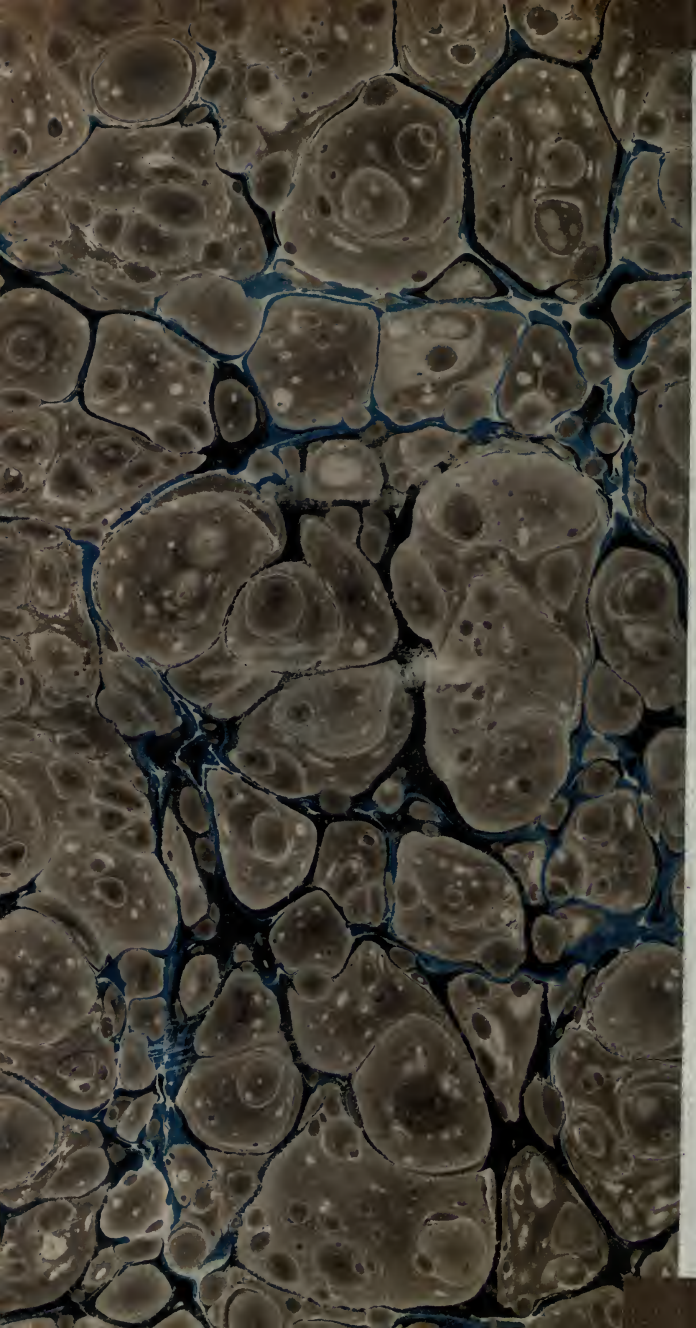

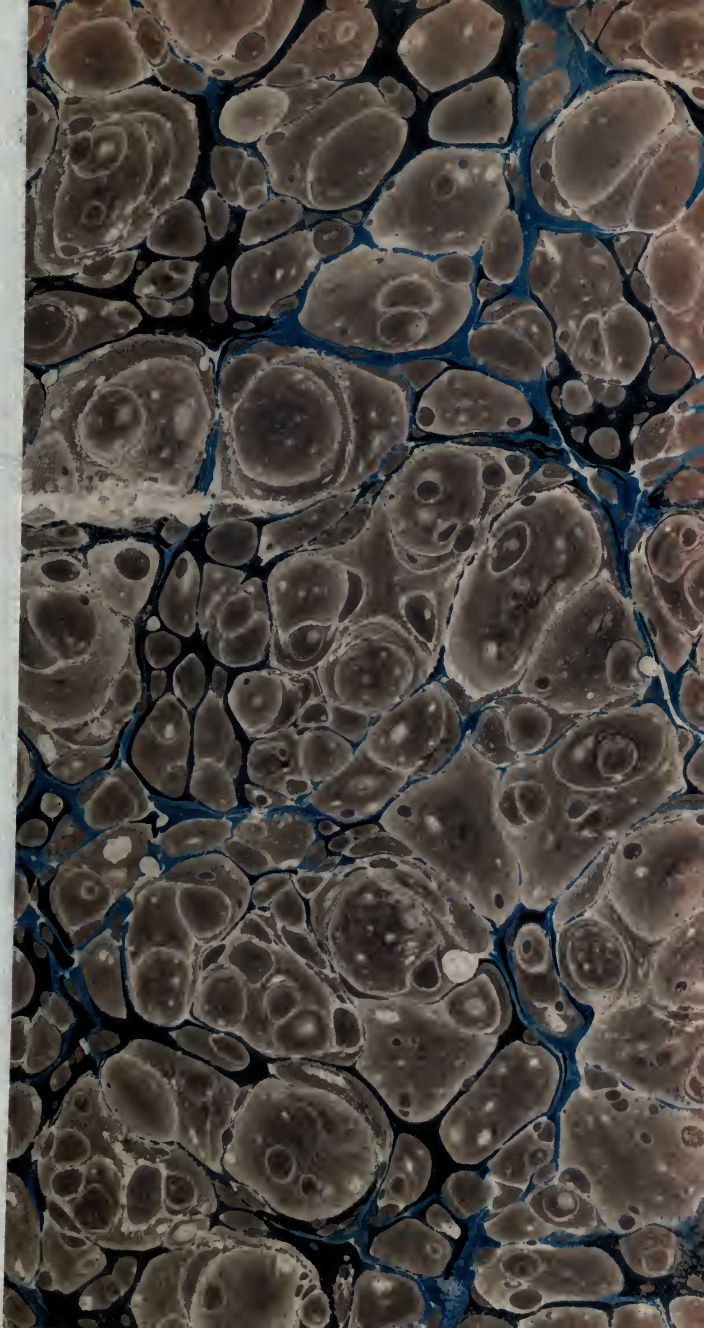

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

William Shakespeare,

FROM THE CORRECT EDITION OF

ISAAC REED, Esq.

WITH COPIOUS

ANNOTATIONS.

VOL. XII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS
PERICLES.

LONDON:

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ROMEO AND JULIET

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ROMEO AND JULIET.] The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's *History of Verona.* It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596: but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet:* It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582: "M. Tottel] *Romeo* and *Juletta.*" Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo* and *Juliett.*" The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure:* however, Shakespeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed,) from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities,* that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his Travels tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakespeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions,* 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir *Romeus'* annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasure,* 1579." FARMER.

The first of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions; but as the following may be in some re-

spects more correct, it would be unjustly withheld from the publick.—This is not the first time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta.* A second edition was published in 1539; and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name,) with the following title: *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte; intervenuta gia nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente stampata.*

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller: *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels, and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta.* Shakespeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala;* and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of* Escala. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches;* in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to

carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme:* in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca;* in the poem and in the play *Freetown.* 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence.

With respect to the name of Romeo, this also Shakespeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from some other prose translation of the same story he has, as I have already said, taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull Hystory of ij lovyng Italians,* which I suspect was a prose narrative of the story on which our author's play is constructed.

Breval says in his travels, that on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakespeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumstance, that Shakespeare had read this novel, both in its prosaick and metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatick pieces. STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *prince of* Verona.
PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses, at variance with*
CAPULET, } *each other.*
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, *son to* Montague.
MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to* Romeo.
BENVOLIO, *nephew to* Montague, *and friend to* Romeo.
TYBALT, *nephew to Lady* Capulet.
Friar LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*
Friar JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *servant to* Romeo.
SAMPSON, } *servants to* Capulet.
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *servant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus. Boy; Page to Paris; PETER; *an Officer.*

Lady MONTAGUE, *wife to* Montague.
Lady CAPULET, *wife to* Capulet.
JULIET, *daughter to* Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; *several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE during the greater part of the play, in Verona *once in the fifth act, at* Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
  Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
  Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.* Capulet house

Sam. Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weake. vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

"one who wishes well"
Romeo's cousin

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs.*

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and Lady* CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and Lady* MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* Prince, *and Attendants;* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, *and Servants.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, *at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* Montague *and Lady*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov d.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper.*] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here

It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish,
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

Signior Martino, *and his wife, and daughters: County* Anselme, *and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces:* Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters*; *My fair niece* Rosaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his cousin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in* Capulet's *house.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.
Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year
old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A street*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing! it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask*
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie
Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true
Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A hall in* Capulet's *house.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c. with the guests, and the maskers.*

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
1 Cap. Why, how now kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo
1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To* JULIET

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To* 2 CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* Nurse

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access
  To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
  To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open place, adjoining* CAPULET'*s garden*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVÓLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Capulet's *garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore.
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My sweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Friar* Laurence's *cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence, *with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:

And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*— Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moy's,* who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons,* their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chace, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her

into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Capulet's *garden.*

Enter JULIET

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.
Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!
Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.
Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg

excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o't'other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Friar* Laurence's *cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossomers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A publick place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulet's abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when

he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men;
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.
Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.
Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.
Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*
Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*
Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his partizans.*
Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What, art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o'both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit* ROMEO

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A room in* Capulet's *house.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there, the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I;*
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I.*
If he be slain, say—*I;* or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ:*—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished,* that one word—*banished,*
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished,*—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Friar* Laurence's *cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit* Nurse.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all your state;—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in* Capulet's *house.*

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *chamber.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber: The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurse.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [ROMEO *descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit* ROMEO

Jul. O, fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear.
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fye, fye! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit*

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—

What say st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar* Laurence's *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be s'ow'd.
[*Asiae.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit* PARIS.
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble:
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;

And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in* Capulet's *house.*

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have the knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Juliet's *chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.
La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady* CAPULET *and* Nurse.
Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed*

SCENE IV.—Capulet's *hall.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady* CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick straight,
[*Musick within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *chamber;* JULIET *on the bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fye, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!
Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Cap All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* Nurse.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease;* O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease?*

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe:* O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

> *When griping grief the heart doth wound,*
> *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*
> *Then musick, with her silver sound;*

Why, *silver sound?* why, *musick with her silver sound?* What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound,* because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound,* because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

> *Then musick with her silver sound,*
> *With speedy help doth lend redress.* [Exit, singing.

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A street.*

Enter ROMEO

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor,
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Friar* Laurence's *cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit*
Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;

She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*A churchyard; in it, a monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!
[*The boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*Retires*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires*
Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—[*Advances*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit* Page.

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* Paris *in the monument*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo?— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes and stirs.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no longer. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him*
Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger.
[*Snatching* ROMEO'*s dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die. [*Falls on* ROMEO'*s body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—
[*Exeunt other* Watchmen.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come nither.

Enter another Watchman, *with Friar* LAURENCE.

Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and Attendants.*

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?
1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,

Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he, which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefix'd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.] Shakespeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument is as follows:

> " Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicill marchant nad,
> " Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
> " The first his father lost, a little lad;
> " The grandsire namde the latter like his brother
> " This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
> " His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
> " Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
> " That citizens there take him for the same:
> " Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> " Much pleasant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakespeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing Cross.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Decker's *Satiromastix*, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us:

" In steed of the trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction." STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakespeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakespeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line, or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects " this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially

long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakespeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of these "long hobbling verses" have the honour of proceeding from his pen; and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is, if any inference can be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of style, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy, though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three Parts of *King Henry VI.* (though not, perhaps, exactly in the way, or to the extent, maintained by a late editor,) but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *King Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakespeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvass-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager, for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as entitled to a situation among the "*six plays on which Shakespeare founded his Measure for Measure*," &c. of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *duke of* Ephesus.
ÆGEON, *a merchant of* Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
DROMIO *of* Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and attendants*
DROMIO *of* Syracuse, } *on the two* Antipholus's.
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
A Merchant, friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuse.
PINCH, *a schoolmaster, and a conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to* Ægeon, *an abbess at* Ephesus.
ADRIANA, *wife to* Antipholus *of* Ephesus.
LUCIANA, *her sister.*
LUCE, *her servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed.
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs.

Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he (great care of goods at random left)
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.

The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,

Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A publick place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit* DRO. S

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o' clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;

You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit* DRO. E.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public place.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks, I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold,* quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;*—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.
Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time;
There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your conpáct?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

Ant. E. Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ake
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.
Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;

And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
  To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
  Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
  Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
  Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
  To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
  Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs.
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
  And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
  Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luc

Enter, from the house of Antipholus *of* Ephesus, Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make

a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?
Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;

But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fye! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum to me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgement, carries poor souls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* LUCIANA.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me,* that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo,* light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly, pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E Fear me not, man, I will not break away,
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH, *and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem,* respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad.

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad
Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?
Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!
Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say's thou?
Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[PINCH *and his assistants bind* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt* PINCH *and assistants, with* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer,* ADR. *and* LUC.

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S. *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence·
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit* Abbess

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended;* ÆGEON *bare-headed; with the headsman and other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;

That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,

Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;

That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she, with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner.
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.
Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.
Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit an Attendant*
Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Æge. I am sure, you, both of you, remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, *and* DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see him.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here.
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E. ADR. *and* LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another

[*Exeunt.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.] It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation ; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakespeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of Arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays ; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakespeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works ; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakespeare's name, I should be glad to see it ; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. TYRWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration ; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation ; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company

immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus.*"

"Enter'd unto him also the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years:' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakespeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora:* And, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

> "——— as welcome shall you be
> "To me, my daughters, and my son in law,
> "As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,
> "When he had made a conquest on the *Goths.*"

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakespeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

STEEVENS.

On what principle the editors of the first complete edition

of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told," (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) "by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*," was entered at Stationers'- Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakespeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakespeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia, Tancred and Gismund, The Battle of Alcazar, Jeronimo, Selimus Emperor of the Turks, The Wounds of Civil War, The Wars of Cyrus, Locrine, Arden of Feversham, King Edward I. The Spanish*

Tragedy, Solyman and Perseda, King Leir, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakespeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakespeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakespeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakespeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakespeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakespeare, can it be supposed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had him-

self written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakespeare. MALONE.

" *Kyd*—probably original author of *Andronicus*, *Locrine*, and play in *Hamlet*.—Marloe, of H. 6.

" Ben Jonson, *Barthol. Fair*—ranks together *Hieronymo* and *Andronicus*, [time and stile]—first exposed him to the criticks—shelter'd afterwards under another's name.

" *Sporting* Kyd [perhaps wrote comedy] and Marloe's mighty line—*Jonson*. [might assist Lily.] Perhaps Shakespeare's additions *outshone*.

" Tamburlaine mention'd with praise by *Heywood*, as Marloe's might be different from the bombast one—and that written by Kyd."

From a loose scrap of paper, in the hand writing of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

In the library of the Duke of Bridgewater, at Ashbridge, is a volume of old quarto plays, numbered R. 1. 7; in which the first is *Titus Andronicus*. TODD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*
BASSIANUS, *brother to* Saturninus; *in love with* Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble* Roman, *general against the* Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people; and brother to* Titus.
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS, *sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to* Lucius.
PUBLIUS, *son to* Marcus *the tribune.*
ÆMILIUS, *a noble* Roman.
ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *sons to* Tamora.
AARON, *a Moor, beloved by* Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans. Goths *and* Romans.

TAMORA, *queen of the* Goths.
LAVINIA, *daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, *Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Rome; *and the country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici *appearing; the* Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft, as in the senate. Enter, below,* SATURNINUS *and his followers, on one side; and* BASSIANUS *and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware th' imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,

To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choic

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes—that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!
Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[*Exeunt the followers of* BASSIANUS.
Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt the followers of* SATURNINUS.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.
Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.
[SAT. *and* BAS. *go into the capitol, and exeunt with* Senators, MARCUS, *&c.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, *and others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS *and* MARTIUS: *after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then* QUINTUS *and* LUCIUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The bearers set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
To, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!
Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.
Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!
Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—
Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.
Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—

King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To* TAMORA.
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your lea e, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* LAVINIA

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.
[*The Emperor courts* TAMORA *in dumb show*
Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* MARCUS *and* BASSIANUS, *with* LAVINIA.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS
Tit. Follow my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TITUS *kills* MUTIUS.
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we cónsummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS, *and his followers;* TAMORA *and her sons;* AARON *and* Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[MARCUS *and the sons of* TITUS *kneel*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,——
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[MUTIUS *is put into the tomb*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is,
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and* AARON: *At the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude, *Aside.*
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.— *Aside.*
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults

Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bonjour.*

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.——
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her!—How?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*
Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools

To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?
Chi. I'faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me,
So I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike brave boys, and take your turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas,* till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A forest near* Rome. *A lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with hunters, &c.* MARCUS LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and Attendants,*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To* TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chace,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A desert part of the forest.*

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!
Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.
Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength
[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To* CHIRON

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[MARTIUS *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest objéct
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit* AARON
Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in*

Enter SATURNINUS *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here.
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chace;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, *with Attendants;* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ
[*Giving a letter*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*
Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To* TIT.] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,——
Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and Officers of Justice, with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;

And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, *&c. with the prisoners*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,

All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor

My hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransome my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
Mar. My hand shall go.
Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.
Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.
Mar. But I will use the axe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.
Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off* TITUS's *hand.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy. [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To* LAVINIA.
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[LAVINIA *kisses him.*
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;

And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A room in* Titus's *house. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life!
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MARCUS *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!—
Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief hath so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before* Titus's *house.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA *turns over the books which* LUCIUS *has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave't me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:—
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!——
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli.*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* Boy

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *at one door, at another door, young* LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.
Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about
Let's see;
Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.— *Aside*
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.
[*Aside.* *Flourish.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a black-a-moor child in her arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.
Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil
Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point,
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
[*Takes the child from the* Nurse, *and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—
[*Stabbing her*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to th'spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her physick,
[*Pointing to the* Nurse
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI. *bearing off the* Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A publick place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye, draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to th'very back;

Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem:*—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, *with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel, then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and

then look for your reward, I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *Lords and others:* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand, that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus over borne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for th' extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aside.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms,
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.
Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer tny spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our embassador: [*To* ÆMILIUS.
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit* ÆMILIUS.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near* Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, *and* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON, *with his child in his arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is th' incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word!
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. 'Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which* AARON *is obliged to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.
Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.
Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
1 *Goth.* What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Rome. *Before* Titus's *house.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *disguis'd.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from th'infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* TITUS, *from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proporion
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, [*Aside.*
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their lam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* TAMORA.

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. *lay hold on* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them speak not a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a bason, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats*
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready, 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A pavilion, with tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON, *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—
[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a cook,* LAVINIA, *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*He kills* LAVINIA
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.
Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Killing* TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*Killing* TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Kills* SATURNINUS. *A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, *and their partizans ascend the steps before* TITUS's *house.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To* LUCIUS.] as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' th' time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!

LUCIUS, *&c. descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an* Attendant.
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, *with* AARON.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes;

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt*

PERICLES.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.] The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488 *; in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, Lib. VIII. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing *The most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Adventures of Prince* Appolonius, Lucine *his wyfe, and* Tharsa *his daughter*. The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called *Prince* of Tyre; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose Romance, he is entitled *King*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a republication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

* There are several editions of the *Gesta Romanorum* before 1488.—*Dog*.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play* of PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico, or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

> "Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd
> "Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:
> "As at a new play, all the rooms
> "Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;
> "So that I truly thought all these
> "Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a republication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon success. The poet, speaking of his piece, says;

> "——if it prove so happy as to please,
> "We'll say, 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer

can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates that this drama was ill received, or at least that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

> " But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
> " Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass."
>
> *Verses by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The passages above quoted show that little credit is to be given to the assertion contained in these lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after Shakespeare's death, was considered as unquestionably his performance,

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI. stanza 9, the author thus speaks of our poet and the piece before us:

> " See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
> " Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
> " Compare great Shakespeare; Aristophanes
> " Never like him his fancy could display:
> " Witness *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*:
> " His sweet and his to be admired lay
> " He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he
> " Did understand the depth of poesie."

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies. MALONE.

The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welser, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*αφο Λατινικης εις Ῥωμαϊκην γλωσσαν. Du Fresne*, Index Author. *ad Gloss. Græc.* When Welser printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum.* In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century, *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Uni-

versal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. *Reg.* 14, C. xi.]:

> " Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,
> " Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.
> " Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet."

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantheon;* as the author, (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* professes to have followed Gower.

TYRWHITT.

Chaucer also refers to this story in *The Man* of *Lawe's Prologue:*

> " Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,
> " How that the cursed king Antiochus
> " Beraft his doughter of hire maidenhede,
> " That is so horrible a tale for to rede," &c.

There are three French translations of this tale, viz.—"La Chronique d'Appollin, Roy de Thyr;" 4to. Geneva, bl. l. no date;—and "Plaisante et agreable Histoire d'Appollonius Prince de Thyr en Affrique, et Roi d'Antioche; traduit par Gilles Corozet," 8vo. Paris, 1530;—and (in the seventh volume of the *Histories Tragiques*, &c. 12mo. 1604, par François Belle-forest, &c.) "Accidens diuers aduenus à Appollonie Roy des Tyriens: ses malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme et fille, et la fin heureuse de tous ensemble."

In the introduction to this last novel, the translator says:—"Ayant en main une historie tiree du Grec, et icelle ancienne, comme aussi je l'ay recuellie d'un vieux livre ècrit à la main," &c.

But the present story, as it appears in Belle-forest's collection, (Vol. VII. p. 113, *et seq.*) has yet a further claim to our notice, as it had the honour (p. 148-9) of furnishing Dryden with the outline of his *Alexander's Feast.* Langbaine, &c. have accused this great poet of adopting circumstances from the *Histories Tragiques*, among other French novels; a charge, however, that demands neither proof nor apology.

The popularity of this tale of Apollonius, may be inferred from the very numerous MSS. in which it appears.

Both editions of Twine's translation are now before me,

Thomas Twine was the continuator of Phaer's Virgil, which was left imperfect in the year 1558.

In Twine's book our hero is repeatedly called—"Prince of Tyrus." It is singular enough that this fable should have been re-published in 1607, the play entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1608, and printed in 1609.

I must still add a few words concerning the piece in question.

It has been so inveterately corrupted by transcription, interpolation, &c. that were it published, like the other dramas of Shakespeare, with scrupulous warning of every little change which necessity compels an editor to make in it, his comment would more than treble the quantity of his author's text. If, therefore, the silent insertion or transposition of a few harmless syllables which do not affect the value of one sentiment throughout the whole, can obviate those defects in construction and harmony which have hitherto molested the reader, why should not his progress be facilitated by such means, rather than by a wearisome appeal to remarks that disturb attention, and contribute to diminish whatever interest might otherwise have been awakened by the scenes before him? If any of the trivial supplements, &c. introduced by the present editor are found to be needless or improper, let him be freely censured by his successors, on the score of rashness or want of judgement. Let the Nimrods of *ifs* and *ands* pursue him; let the champions of nonsense that bear the stamp of antiquity, couch their rusty lances at the desperate innovator. To the severest hazard, on this account, he would more cheerfully expose himself, than leave it to be observed that he had printed many passages in *Pericles* without an effort to exhibit them (as they must have originally appeared) with some obvious meaning, and a tolerable flow of versification. The pebble which aspires to rank with diamonds, should at least have a decent polish bestowed on it. Perhaps the piece here exhibited has merit insufficient to engage the extremest vigilance of criticism. Let it on the whole, however, be rendered legible, before its value is estimated, and then its minutiæ (if they deserve it) may become objects of contention. The old perplexed and vitiated copy of the play is by no means rare; and if the reader, like Pericles, should think himself qualified to evolve the intricacies of a riddle, be it remembered, that the editor is not

an Antiochus, who would willingly subject him to such a labour.

That I might escape the charge of having attempted to conceal the liberties taken with this corrupted play, have I been thus ample in my confession.

To these tedious prolegomena may I subjoin that, in consequence of researches successfully urged by poetical antiquaries, I should express no surprize if the very title of the piece before us were hereafter, on good authority, to be discarded? Some lucky rummages among papers long hoarded up, have discovered as unexpected things as an author's own manuscript of an ancient play. That indeed of *Tancred and Gismund*, a much older piece, (and differing in many parts from the copy printed in 1592) is now before me.

It is almost needless to observe that our dramatick *Pericles* has not the least resemblance to his historical namesake; though the adventures of the former are sometimes coincident with those of *Pyrocles*, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia;* for the amorous, fugitive, shipwreck, musical, tilting, despairing Prince of Tyre, is an accomplished knight of romance, disguised under the name of a statesman,—

> "Whose resistless eloquence
> "Wielded at will a fierce democratie,
> "Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece."

As to Sidney's *Pyrocles,—Tros, Tyriusve,—*

> "The world was all before him, where to choose
> "His place of rest."

but *Pericles* was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phœnicia. No poetick licence will permit a unique, classical, and conspicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A Prince of Madagascar must not be called Æneas, nor a Duke of Florence Mithridates; for such peculiar appellations would unseasonably remind us of their great original possessors. The playwright who indulges himself in these wanton and injudicious vagaries, will always counteract his own purpose. Thus, as often as the appropriated name of *Pericles* occurs, it serves but to expose our author's gross departure from established manners and historick truth; for laborious fiction could not designedly produce two personages more opposite than the settled demagogue of Athens, and the vagabond Prince of Tyre.

It is remarkable, that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney, had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. Nay, so high was the credit of this romance, that many a fashionable word and glowing phrase selected from it, was applied, like a Promethean torch, to contemporary sonnets, and gave a transient life even to those dwarfish and enervate bantlings of the reluctant Muse.

I must add, that the *Appolyn* of the Story-book and Gower, could have been rejected only to make room for a more favourite name; yet, however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection.

I am aware, that a conclusive argument cannot be drawn from the false quantity in the second syllable of Pericles; and yet if the Athenian was in our author's mind, he might have been taught by repeated translations from fragments of satiric poets in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, to call his hero Pericles; as for instance, in the following couplet:

> " O Chiron, tell me, first, art thou indeede the man
> " Which did instruct *Pericles* thus? make aunswer if thou can," &c. &c.

Again, in George Gascoigne's *Steele Glas:*

> " *Pericles* stands in rancke amongst the rest."

Again, *ibidem;*

> " *Pericles* was a famous man of warre "

Such therefore was the poetical pronunciation of this proper name, in the age of Shakespeare. The address of Persius to a youthful orator—*Magni pupille Pericli*, is familiar to the ear of every classical reader.

All circumstances considered, it is not improbable that our author designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*,

not *Pericles**, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similiar sound) into the place of the former. The true name, when once corrupted or changed in the theatre, was effectually withheld from the publick; and every commentator on this play agrees in a belief that it must have been printed by means of a copy "far as Deucalion off" from the manuscript which had received Shakespeare's revisal and improvement.

STEEVENS.

* Such a theatrical mistake will not appear improbable to the reader who recollects that in the fourth scene of the first Act of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* instead of "tigers of *Hircania*,"—the players have given us—"tigers of *Arcadia*." Instead of "an *Até*," in *King John*,—"an *ace*." Instead of "*Panthiro* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,—"*Panthion*." Instead of "*Polydore*," in *Cymbeline*,—"*Poladour*" was continued through all the editions till that of 1773.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of* Antioch.
PERICLES, *prince of* Tyre.
HELICANUS, } *two lords of* Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of* Pentapolis.
CLEON, *governor of* Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of* Mitylene.
CERIMON, *a lord of* Ephesus.
THALIARD, *a lord of* Antioch.
PHILEMON, *servant to* Cerimon.
LEONINE, *servant to* Dionyza. *Marshall.*
A Pander, and his Wife. BOULT, *their servant.*
GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to* Cleon.
THAISA, *daughter to* Simonides.
MARINA, *daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to* Marina.
DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.

PERICLES,

PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of ANTIOCH.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales;
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
'Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:)

This king unto him took a pheere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to th' judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit*

SCENE I.—Antioch. *A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Musick.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.

He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physick is the last: but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, *his Daughter, and* Attendants.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh

By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secresy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit* Mess.
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—Tyre. *A room in the palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.
Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?
Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,

Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who either by publick war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—
Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Tyre. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a

villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here comes the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——
Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*
Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A room in the governor's house*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv d, half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.
Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.

Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON, *all the train with them. Enter at another door, a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES, CLEON, *&c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin.
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;

For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost;
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open place by the sea side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!
2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' th' land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go

home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I could wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the* Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good king Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects
He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul

Re-enter the two Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)
Keep it my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.
Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A publick way, or platform, leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,

Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a* Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
[*The second Knight passes.*
Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.* [*The third Knight passes*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*
[*The fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*
Sim. Which shows, that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.
[*The fifth Knight passes.*
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The sixth Knight passes.*
Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
1 *Lord.* He had need mean better then his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For. by his rusty outside, he appears
To nave practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.
2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.
3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'il withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts, and all cry,* The mean knight.

SCENE III.—*The same. A hall of state.—A banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, *and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' th' feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.
Per. Some other is more fit,
1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.
Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.
Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat!
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but
A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace,
Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaïsa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [*Aside*
Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The* Knights *dance*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PER.] Pages and lights, conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. *A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

1 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i' th' absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. *A room in the palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter, the* Knights *meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.
2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt*
Sim. So
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet musick this last night: my ears,

I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
My daughter?
Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.
Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here!
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside*
O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor, sir

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside.*
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside*
Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter.* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES,

the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart. Then* SIMONIDES, *&c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To th' court of king Simonides
Are letters brought the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t' appease;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps, 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe;)

Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives
So up and down the poor ship drives,
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near!
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall, for itself, itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost prince appears to speak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *on a ship at sea.*

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy deafning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an infant.*

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.
Per. How! how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,

With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins, there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: th'unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

Bring me the sattin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When can'st thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A room in* Cerimon's *house.*

Enter CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,

And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, *and those who had been shipwrecked.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.
2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship,
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple; pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.
2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O, you say well.
1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar

To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants *with a chest.*

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.
2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.
2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the sea cast it up?
Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!
1 *Gent.* Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i' th' characters! [*Unfolds a scroll*

Here I give to understand, [Reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.
2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.

The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The musick there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature wakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord! What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying* THA. *away*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A room in* Cleon's *house.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To th' end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,

Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' th'shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A room in* Cerimon's *house.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by th' holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far.

Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall here attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story she,
Would ever with Marina be:

Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound
The cambrick, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to th' lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. Th' unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'th' world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.

Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a drooping industry,
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, *whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEONINE *runs away.*

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full

of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit* BOULT.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, *and* BOULT, *dragging in* MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To* MARINA.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt* PANDER *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit* BOULT.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,
(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' th' hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,——

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A room in* Cleon's *house.*

Enter Cleon *and* Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' th'earth,

I' th' justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,

It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.
Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons,
Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to th' gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at* Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making, (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' th' gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES *with his train;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-show'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'*s monument.*

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th' earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her; she is able to freeze the

god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would——but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To* MARINA, *whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt* Bawd, PANDER, *and* BOULT.

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' th' purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his purse,* BOULT *enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? we must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken of, or the common hangman shall execute it Come your way

We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel
That hither comes enquiring for his tib;
To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not, but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*On board* PERICLES' *ship, off* Mitylene. *A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the* Tyrian *vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the* Tyrian *vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the* Sailor *of* Mitylene.
O here he is.——
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene.
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.

[*The* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords; *the* Tyrian Gentlemen, *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, sir, what is your place?
Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him, then?
Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him, sir: [PERICLES *discovered.*] this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail, Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
[*He whispers one of the attendant* Lords.—*Exit* Lord, *in the barge of* LYSIM.
Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, *and a young* Lady

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel. A gallant lady.
Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.*
Lys. Mark'd he your musick?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:——
Per. Hum! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?
Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
Mar My name, sir, is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to th' bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? I
may be,
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my gracious lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None?
The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds!
Do ye not hear?
Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear—
Per. Most heavenly musick:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head;
[*The curtain before the pavilion of* PERICLES *is closed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and attendant* Lady.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

PERICLES *on the deck asleep;* DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.
Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*To* HELICANUS.
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend your arm
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER, *before the temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound,
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus; THAISA *standing near the altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins of each side;* CERIMON *and other inhabitants of* Ephesus *attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaïsa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour:—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave vou such a ring.

[*Shows a ring*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAISA.
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Bless'd and mine own?
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:

In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit* GOWER

ANNOTATIONS

ON

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

LINE 1. ——*we'll not carry coals.*] The phrase should seem to mean originally, We'll not submit to servile offices; and thence secondarily, We'll not endure injuries.

MALONE.

Line 66. ——*thy* swashing *blow.*] To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. STEEVENS.

Line 82. *Give me my* long sword.] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.

Line 206. *Why, such is love's transgression.*] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

Line 236. *And, in strong proof,* &c.] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her

declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

Line 242. ——*with beauty dies her store.*] *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Line 249. ——*wisely too fair*, &c.] There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliss. MALONE.

Line 323. *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that*,] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it.

Dr. GREY.

Line 358. *crush a cup of wine*] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. STEEVENS.

Line 375. ——*let there be weigh'd*

Your lady's love *against some other maid*—]

Your lady's love is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself.

HEATH.

Line 487. *That in gold clasps locks in the* golden story;] The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis.* JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellished by as *valuable binding.* STEEVENS.

———*Mercutio*,] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original

story: " —another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained.' Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 221. STEEVENS.

Line 517. *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: " He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks. STEEVENS.

Line 548. *Tickle the senseless* rushes *with their heels;*] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. STEEVENS.

Line 552. *Tut!* dun's the mouse, *the constable's own word:*] *Dun is the mouse*, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be " the constable's own word;" who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. MALONE.

Line 556. ——*we* burn day-light, *ho.*] To *burn day-light* is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day-time. STEEVENS.

Line 573. *O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.*
She is the fairies' midwife;] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain.* STEEVENS.

Line 576. ——*of little* atomies—] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom.* STEEVENS.

Line 597. ——*with* sweet-meats—] i. e. *kissing-comfits.*

These artificial aids to perfume the breath are mentioned by Falstaff, in the last Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

MALONE.

Line 605. ——*Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. JOHNSON.

Line 611. *And bakes the elf-locks,* &c.] This was a common superstition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

Line 613. ——*when maids,* &c.] So, in Drayton's *Nimphidia:*

"And Mab, his merry queen, by night
"Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
"(In elder times the mare that hight)
"Which plagues them out of measure." STEEVENS.

Line 640. ——*he shift a* trencher! &c.] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the Houshold Book of the Earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility.

PERCY.

Line 646. ——court-cupboard,] A *court-cupboard* was not strictly what we now call a *side-board,* but a recess fitted up with shelves to contain plate, &c. for the use of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet,* and continued to be used to the time of Pope. MALONE.

Two of these *court cupboards* are still in Stationers' Hall.

STEEVENS.

Line 647. ——*save me a piece of* marchpane;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of pistacho-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time. GREY.

Line 671. *A hall! a hall!*] This explanation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies *make room.*

STEEVENS.

Line 675. ——*good* cousin *Capulet;*] This *cousin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

Line 768. [*Kissing her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a public assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorus. In *King Henry VIII* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiss Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE.

Enter CHORUS.] The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show: and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 21. *By her high forehead,*] It has already been observed that a high forehead was in Shakspear's time thought eminently beautiful. MALONE.

Line 71. *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

"O that I were a flea upon that lip," &c. STEEVENS.

Line 89. *Thou art thyself* though, *not a Montague.*] Juliet is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house. MALONE.

Line 234. *To lure this* tassel-gentle *back again!*] It appears from the old books on this subject that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. MALONE.

Line 275. *And* flecked *darkness*—] *Flecked* is *spotted, dappled, streaked,* or *variegated.* STEEVENS.

Line 394. ——*the very* pin *of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boys butt-shaft;*] The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the centre of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. MALONE.

Line 398. *More than prince of cats,*] *Tybert,* the name given to the *cat,* in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox.* WARBURTON.

Line 399. ——*courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio. JOHNSON.

Line 401. ——*his* minim *rest,*] A *minim* is a note of slow time in musick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

Line 403. ——*a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:*] i. e. a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duelists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause,* and the *second cause,* for which a man is to fight. STEEVENS.

Line 406. ——*the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai,* you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

Line 413. ——*these* pardonnez-moy's,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.

JOHNSON.

Line 416. *O, their* bons, *their* bons!] i. e. how ridiculous they (frenchified coxcombs) make themselves in crying out, *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle.

Line 430. *What* counterfeit, *&c.?*

Mer. *The* slip, *sir, the* slip;] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*.

Line 443. ——*then is my pump well flowered.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

Line 475. ——*to hide his* bauble *in a hole*] It has been observed by Sir J. Hawkins, that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir William D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629: "For such rich widows there love *court fools*, and use to play with their *baubles*."

STEEVENS.

Line 540. ——*none of his* skains-*mates.*] *None of his* skains-*mates* means, I apprehend, none of his *cut-throat companions.*

MALONE.

Line 579. ——*like a tackled stair;*] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

ACT III.

Line 2. *The day is hot,*] It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

Line 149. *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil misfortune, *like* the Fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure*, JOHNSON.

Line 197. *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

Line 215. *Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,*] This was probably designed as a covert stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received. STEEVENS.

Line 542. *Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask*, &c.] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. STEEVENS.

Line 600. *Sir Paris, I will make a* desperate *tender*
Of my child's love:] *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous;* as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a* bold *word*, and venture *to promise you my daughter.* JOHNSON.

Line 631. Nightly *she sings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

Line 658. *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;*
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!] The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that

the toad and lark had changed eyes. To this the speaker alludes. WARBURTON.

Line 661. *Hunting thee hence with* hunts-up *to the day.*] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. STEEVENS.

Line 685. *O God! I have an ill-divining soul:* &c.] This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. STEEVENS.

Line 690. *Dry sorrow drinks our blood.*] This is an allusion to the proverb—" Sorrow's dry." STEEVENS.

Line 727. *Ay, madam, from,* &c.] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

Line 758. ——*in happy time,*] *A la bonne, heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

Line 762. *The* county *Paris,*] The *county,* i. e. the *count.*

Line 810. ——*out, you baggage!*

You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas—*hedgebrat, cullion,* and *tarbreech,* in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene,* 1567, *Mary Magdalen* says to one of her attendants:

" *Horeson,* I beshrowe your heart, are you here?"

STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 71. *Shall play the umpire;*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses.

JOHNSON

Line 130. *If no* unconstant toy, *&c.*] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance.

JOHNSON.

Line 155. ——*from* shrift—] i. e. from *confession.*

STEEVENS.

Line 197. *For I have need*, &c.] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

Line 238. *As in a vault*, &c.] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England. I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is not one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

Line 241. ——*green in earth*,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. STEEVENS.

Line 244. ——*is it not like, that I*,] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

Line 248. ——*be* distraught,] *Distraught* is *distracted.*

STEEVENS.

Line 342. *O son, the night before thy wedding day*
Hath death lain with thy bride:] Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

"——I'll to my wedding bed,
" And *Death*, not Romeo, *take my maidenhead.*"

MALONE.

Line 376. ——*confusion's* cure—] These violent and confused exclamations, says the Friar, will by no means alle-

viate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. MALONE.

Enter Peter.] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kemp.* MALONE.

Line 419. ——*O, play me some merry* dump, *to comfort me.*] A *dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow.* STEEVENS.

Line 427. ——*the* gleek :] To *gleek* is to *scoff.* The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek.* STEEVENS.

Line 445. —— *Simon* Catling?] A *catling* was a small lutestring made of *catgut.* STEEVENS.

Line 448. —— *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. STEEVENS.

ACT V

Line 1. *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] The sense is, *If I may trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise *flattery.* JOHNSON.

Line 3. *My bosom's lord*—] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain fore-tokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,

" Have they been merry? which their keepers call
" A lightning before death." STEEVENS.

Line 48. *A* beggarly *account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account: but *beggarly* is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

Line 102. *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

Line 114. ——*was not* nice,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject. STEEVENS.

Line 222. ——*by a dead man interr'd.*] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead. MALONE.

Line 245. ——*my everlasting rest;*] To *set up one's rest*, is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind. STEEVENS.

Line 257. ——*how oft to-night*
Have my old feet stumbled *at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. STEEVENS.

Line 299. ——*and unnatural sleep;*] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

END OF THE ANNOTATIONS ON ROMEO AND JULIET.

ANNOTATIONS

ON

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

LINE 36. *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*] By my past life, (says he) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

Line 138. *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Asia,*] *Clean* is a provincial word, meaning *complete, perfect.*

Line 163. ——wend,] To *wend,* is to *go.* Obsolete.

Line 171. —*ere the* weary *sun set in the west.*] Thus in King Richard III. The *weary sun* hath made a golden set.

Line 183. ——*a trusty* villain,] *Villain* means servant

—— 232. —*I shall be* post *indeed;*
For she will score your fault upon my pate.]

It is very probable that this alludes to a practice which must have been adopted before the arts of writing and arithmetic became understood, of chalking and notching upon wood the scores of customers; and by the text it is not unlikely a *post* was placed in the middle of the shop for that purpose.

Line 251. ——*that merry* sconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* means *head.*

Line 273. —o'er-raught,—] That is, *over-reached.*

JOHNSON.

Line 275. *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,*
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing *witches, that deform the body ;*]

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts.

Witches or sorcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own.

STEEVENS.

Line 279. ——liberties *of sin:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines,* which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 14. Adr. *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*
Luc. *Why, headstrong liberty is* lash'd *with woe.*]

Should it not rather be *leash'd,* i. e. coupled like a head-strong hound? ANONYMOUS.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash,* and that woe is the punishment of head-strong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense with *leash. Lace* was the old English word for a *cord,* from which verbs have been derived differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. When the mariner *lashes* his guns, the

sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform the same act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel. STEEVENS.

Line 32. ——*start some other* where ?] I cannot but think that our author wrote,

start some other hare ?

So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be *a good hare-finder*. JOHNSON.

Line 35. ——*though she* pause ;] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

Line 44. ——fool-begg'd—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

Line 57. ——*that I could scarce* understand *them*.] i. e. that I could scarce *stand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

Line 91. *Am I so round with you, as you with me*,] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech* or *action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her *son*. JOHNSON.

Line 107. ——*My decayed fair*—] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and very probably *fair* for *fairness*. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the old quartos read,

" Demetrius loves your *fair*." STEEVENS.

Line 109. ——*too unruly* deer,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on the *Ladies Girdle*.

"This was my heaven's extremest sphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Line 110. ——*poor I am but his* stale.] The word *stale*, in our author, used as a substantive, means, not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiated* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

Stale means, I believe, in this place, the same as the French word, *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover of his infidelity*. STEEVENS.

Line 119. *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*
Will lose his beauty; *and* though *gold 'bides still,*
That others touch, yet *often touching will*
Wear *gold: and* so *no man, that hath a name,*
But *falshood, and corruption doth it shame.*

The sense is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, tho' as pure as gold itself, may in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption." WARBURTON.

Line 160. *And make a* common *of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to the general use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

Line 169. ——insconce—] i. e. *fortify*.

—— 219. *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit* are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

Line 245. ——wafts *us*—] *beckons* us.

—— 284. *I live* distain'd, *thou undishonoured.*] To *distaine* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain defile*,

pollute. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd;* or, by adding an *hyphen,* and giving the preposition *a privative* force, read, *dis-stain'd;* and then it will mean, *unstain'd, undefiled.* THEOBALD.

Line 314. ——*you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt,* separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

Line 358. *And* shrive *you*——] That is, I will *call you to confession,* and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

ACT III.

Line 5. ——Carkanet] seems to have been a *necklace* or rather *chain,* perhaps hanging down double from the neck. JOHNSON.

Line 20. *Marry, so it doth appear*
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.]

Dromio says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass;* but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass,* he should, when he was *kicked,* have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

Line 49. Mome,] A dull stupid fellow.

—— 50. ——patch!] A paltry fellow.

—— 68. ——*I* owe?] i. e. I *possess,* or *own.*

—— 147. ——*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus. STEEVENS.

Line 158. ——*the doors are* made *against you.*] To *make*

the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door.* STEEVENS.

Line 166. ——supposed *by the common rout*—] For *suppose* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported;* but there is no need of change: *supposed* is *founded on supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

Line 173. *And, in despight of* mirth,] The meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to *mirth,* which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. WARBURTON.

Line 191. ——*that you have quite forgot*, &c.] What our poet means, is this: Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? THEOBALD.

Line 214. *Being compact of credit,*] Means, *being made altogether of credulity.* STEEVENS.

Line 219. ——vain,] Is *light of tongue, not veracious.* JOHNSON.

—— 250. *Not mad, but mated;*] i. e. *confounded.* So in Macbeth:

My mind she has mated, *and amaz'd my sight.*

STEEVENS.

Line 266. *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth,* he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim,* I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

Line 307. Swart,] i. e. *Swarth* or *tawny.*

—— 328. *In her forehead; armed, and reverted, making war against her* hair.] With this corrected text Dr. Warburton concurs and sir T. Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond. Our author here sports

with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir?* as Theobald conjectures. The sense which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending our conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

Line 350. ——*And, I think, if my breast had not been made of* faith, *&c.*] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power, of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*.

WARBURTON.

Line 375. ——*at the* Porcupine:] It is remarkable, that all over the ancient editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. It was so written at that time. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 4. ——*want* gilders—] A *gilder* is a coin of the value of one shilling and sixpence, to two shillings.

Line 6. ——*meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. WARBURTON.

Line 154. ——sere,] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

—— 157. *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stig-*

matized by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

Line 162. *Far from her nest the lapwing*, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. STEEVENS.

Line 173. *A fiend, a* fairy, *pitiless and rough;*] Mr. Theobald would read *fury*.

There were *fairies* like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

Line 178. *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To *run counter*, is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by the *track* or *prick of the foot;* to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GREY.

Line 180. ——*poor souls to* hell.] *Hell* was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the Counter-rat, a poem, 1658:

"In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's *hell*" STEEVENS.

Line 184. ——*on the case.*] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

Line 195. ——*was he arrested on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of

money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neck-cloth*. On this circumstance I believe the humour of the passage turns. STEEVENS.

Line 248. ——*he that sets up his* rest *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* morris-pike.] The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feasts of dexterity were shewn. JOHNSON

Line 396. ——*your* customers?] A *customer* was the term for a prostitute.

Line 398. ——companion:—] A term of contempt, a *fellow*.

Line 411. Perdy,] For *Pardieu*, the French oath.

—— 417. Certes,] i. e. *certainty*.

—— 417. *kitchen-vestal*—] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

Line 511. *Fetch our* stuff—] i. e. *Goods* or *furniture*.

ACT V.

Line 36. ——*get within him*,] i. e. Master him.

—— 38. ——*take a house*.] i. e. Take to a house, get within a house.

Line 115. ——*a* formal *man again*:] i. e. To bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So in Measure for Measure:—*informal* women for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

Line 151. *At your* important *letters*,] *Important* means *importunate*. JOHNSON.

Line 186. *Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather extraordinary to be met with in an epic poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle. STEEVENS.

Line 191. *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:*] It appears to have been the custom for the established fools to have their hair cut close to their heads in a very ludicrous manner.

Line 200. *To* scorch *your face,*] We should read *scotch*, i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To *scorch* I believe is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

Line 316. ——mated.] i. e. *Confused.* STEEVENS.

—— 338. ——*deformed hand*—] Time's deforming hand.

—— 339. ——*strange* defeatures.] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature.* The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Line 359. *All these* old *witnesses (I cannot err,)*] By *old witnesses* I believe he means *experienced, accustomed ones,* which are therefore less likely to err. STEEVENS.

Line 451. Twenty-five *years*——] In former editions, *thirty-three* years.

'Tis impossible the poet could be so forgetful, as to design this number here: and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. THEOBALD.

Line 456. ——*and* go *with me;*] We should read, *and* gaude *with me:* i. e. rejoice, from the French *gaudir.* WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration.

STEEVENS.

Line 457. *After so long grief, such* nativity!] We should surely read, *After so long grief, such* festivity!

Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

Mr. Steevens is of opinion, *nativity* is the right reading, as she alludes to her sons.

Line 484. In this play we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how it will conclude. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in the last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till they have lost the power of affording any entertainment at all.

STEEVENS.

END OF THE ANNOTATIONS ON THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ANNOTATIONS

ON

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

LINE 4. ——*my* successive *title*—] i. e. my title to the succession. MALONE.

Line 74. *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!*] We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits. JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just dead. STEEVENS.

Line 82. *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

Line 176. *And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*] To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.

To *outlive* an *eternal date* is, though not philosophical, yet

poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

Line 188. *That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,*] The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death. MALONE.

Line 200. ——don *this robe,*] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. STEEVENS.

Line 334. —— *changing* piece—] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

Line 339. *To* ruffle *in the commonwealth of Rome.*] To *ruffle* meant, to be noisy, *disorderly*, turbulent. A ruffler was a boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

Line 369. *I am not* bid—] i. e. *invited.* MALONE.

—— 416. *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax*
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funeral.] This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

ACT II.

Line 1. In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.

JOHNSON.

Line 10. *Upon her* wit—] We should read—Upon her *will.* WARBURTON.

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right. JOHNSON.

Line 59. *Not I; till I have sheath'd*, &c.] This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong speaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other. WARBURTON.

Line 115. *To* square *for this?*] To *square* is *to quarrel.* So, in *A Midsummer's-Night's Dream.*

" ———they never meet,
" But they do *square.*" STEEVENS.

Line 134. ——*by* kind—] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind.* JOHNSON.

Line 141. ——file *our engines with advice,*] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

Line 154. *Per Styga*, &c.] These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

Scene II.] The division of this play into Acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second Act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

Line 155. ——*the morn is bright and grey,*] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. WARBURTON.

Line 193. ——*for their* unrest,] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old writers. STEEVENS.

Line 194. *That have their alms*, &c.] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. JOHNSON.

Line 252. *Should* drive *upon thy new-transformed limbs,*] Mr. Heath suspects that the poet wrote—

Should thrive *upon thy new-transformed limbs,*—

as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the hounds should pass with impetuous haste*, &c. So, in *Hamlet:*

"Pyrrhus at Priam *drives*," &c.

i. e. flies with impetuosity at him. STEEVENS.

Line 260. ——swarth *Cimmerian*—] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON

Line 274. ——*made him noted long:*] He had yet been married but one night. JOHNSON.

Line 291. ——urchins,] i. e. *hedgehogs.*

—— 294. *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

Line 321. *And with that* painted hope *braves your mightiness:*] *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. JOHNSON.

Line 440. *A precious ring,*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

Line 482. ——timeless——] means *untimely.*

Line 549. *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

Line 565. ——*lest thou should'st detect him,* &c.] Tereus having ravished Philomela, his wife's sister, cut out her tongue, to prevent a discovery. MALONE.

ACT III.

Line 73. ——*in thy father's* sight?] We should read—*spight!* WARBURTON.

Line 78. ——I'll *chop off my hands too;*] Perhaps we should read: ————or *chop off,* &c.

It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopped off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopped off the other. STEEVENS.

Line 89. *O, that delightful* engine of her thoughts,] This piece furnishes scarce any resemblances to Shakspeare's works; this one expression, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began."

MALONE.

Line 99. *It was my* deer;] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle—

"The pale that held my lovely *deer.*" JOHNSON.

Scene II.] This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

Line 330. *Marcus, unknit that* sorrow-wreathen *knot;*] So, in *The Tempest:*

"————sitting
"His arms in this *sad knot.*" MALONE.

Line 374. ——*by* still *practice,*] By *constant* or *continual* practice. JOHNSON.

Line 410. *Ah,* sirrah!] This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales. MALONE.

ACT IV.

Line 19. ——*Tully's* Orator.] Tully's *Treatise on Eloquence*, addressed to Brutus, and entitled *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was formerly little attended to.

MALONE.

Line 60. ——*how she* quotes *the leaves.*] To *quote* means to *observe*. STEEVENS.

Line 105. *And swear with me,—as with the woful* feere,] The word *feere*, or *pheere* (companion), very frequently occurs among the old dramatick writers and others. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Morose says,

" ——her that I mean to chuse for my *bed pheere.*"

And many other places. STEEVENS.

Line 119. *And with a* gad *of steel*—] A *gad*, from the Saxon ȝæd, i. e. the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument. MALONE.

Line 150. *Revenge* the *heavens*—] It should be

Revenge, ye *heavens!*

Ye was by the transcriber taken for *ye*, the. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens revenge*, &c. STEEVENS.

Line 183. *Here's no* sound *jest!*] Thus the old copies. This mode of expression was common formerly; so, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: " Here's no *fine* villainy!"—We yet talk of giving a *sound* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—*Here's no* fond *jest.* MALONE.

Line 247. *Villain, I have* done *thy mother.*] The verb is here used obscenely.

Line 257. *I'll* broach *the tadpole*—] A *broach* is a *spit.* I'll *spit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.

Line 275. *In that it* scorns *to bear another hue:*] Thus both the quarto and the folio. Some modern editions had *seems* instead of *scorns,* which was restored by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

Line 288. ——*for this foul* escape.] This foul *illegitimate child.* MALONE.

Line 291. ——ignomy.] i. e. *ignominy.* MALONE.

—— 335. *Go* pack *with him,*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain.* Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively:

"And mighty dukes *pack* knaves for half a crown."

POPE.

Mr. Henley observes, that to PACK *a jury,* is an expression still used; though the practice, it is to be hoped, is obsolete.

Line 415. *Yet* wrung *with wrongs,*] To *wring* a horse, is to press or strain his back. JOHNSON.

Line 424. *To Saturn,* Caius, &c.] *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Sempronius have been already mentioned. Publius and *Caius* are again introduced in Act V. sc. ii:

"*Tit.* Publius, come hither; *Caius* and Valentine."

The modern editors read—To Saturn, to *Cælum*, &c.

MALONE.

Line 586. ——imperious, *like thy name.*] *Imperious* was formerly used for *imperial.* MALONE.

Line 597. ——honey-stalks *to sheep;*] *Honey-stalks* are *clover flowers*, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die.

JOHNSON.

ACT V.

Line 7. ——scath,] *Scath* means *harm.*

—— 23. *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;*] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of those anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus.* And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another.

STEEVENS.

Line 45. *This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eyes;*] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." MALONE.

Line 98. ——luxurious *woman!*] i. e. *luscivious* woman.

MALONE.

—— 112. *That* codding *spirit*—] Mr. Collins says, that *cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for *pillow*. The meaning of this passage is—that passion for bed-sports.

Line 115. *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose.

JOHNSON.

Line 132. *She* swounded—] When this play was written, the verb to *swound*, which we now write *swoon*, was in common use. MALONE.

Line 159. *Bring down the devil,*] It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

Line 242. *So thou destroy* Rapine *and Murder there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

STEEVENS.

Line 387. *And of the paste a* coffin—] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

Line 407. *And ours with* thine,] And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may. MALONE.

Line 426. ——break the *parle;*] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet say, he *breaks* his mind. JOHNSON.

Line 521. ——*and basely cozen'd*—] i. e. and *he* basely cozened. MALONE.

Line 553. *The poor remainder of Andronici*
Will,——cast us down,] i. e. *We* the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down. MALONE.

END OF THE ANNOTATIONS ON TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ANNOTATIONS

ON

PERICLES.

ACT I.

LINE 21. ——— *unto him took a* pheere,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or *companion.* MALONE.

Line 23. —— full *of face,*] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune,* in *Othello,* means a *complete,* a *large one.* MALONE.

Line 30. ——— account *no sin.*] *Account* for *accounted.*

Line 32. ——— *thither* frame,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither MALONE.

Line 36. *(To keep her still, and men in awe,)*] The meaning, I think, is not *to keep her and men in awe,* but *to keep her still* to himself, *and to deter others from demanding her in marriage.* MALONE.

Line 44. *Young* prince *of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the present drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince* therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant.* MALONE.

Line 51. *For the embracements even of Jove himself;*
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence, &c.] I think the construction of these lines is, " at whose concep-

tion the senate-house of planets all did sit," &c. and that the words, "till Lucina reign'd, Nature," &c. are parenthetical.

MALONE.

Line 62. ——— *and* testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.] This is a bold expression:—*testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakspeare means the *companion of her mildness*. M. MASON.

Line 78. ——— *all thy whole* heap *must die*,] i. e. thy whole *mass* must be destroyed. MALONE.

Line 94. *Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe*, &c.] The meaning may be—*I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven*, have neglected the latter for the former; *but* at length *feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity.*

MALONE.

Line 119. *As you will live, resolve it you.*] This duplication is common enough to ancient writers. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"I'll drink no more, for no man's pleasure I." MALONE.

Line 127. *For he's no man on whom perfections wait*,] Means no more than—*he's no honest man*, that knowing, &c. MALONE.

Line 130. ——— *to make man*—] i. e. to produce *for* man, &c. MALONE.

Line 151. Copp'd *hills*—] i. e. in form of a cone.

Line 197. ——— *to keep you clear*,] To prevent any suspicion from falling on you. MALONE.

Line 211. Partakes *her private actions*—] Our author in *The winter's Tale* uses the word *partake* in an active sense, for *participate*.

" ——— your exultation
" *Partake* to every one." MALONE.

Line 281. *To which that* breath, *&c.*] i. e. the breath of flattery. MALONE.

Line 285. *When signor Sooth*—] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*; "—— and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *sir Smile*, his neighbour." MALONE.

Line 308. *That kings should* let *their ears hear their faults hid!*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults!—To *let* formerly signified to *hinder*. MALONE.

Line 321. *From whence an issue*—] From whence I might propagate an issue, *that* are arms, &c. MALONE.

Line 326. *Seem'd not to strike, but* smooth:] To *smooth* formerly signified to *flatter*. MALONE.

Line 351. *I thought it princely charity to* grieve them.] That is, to lament their fate. MALONE.

Line 444. *For* riches, *strew'd herself even in the streets;*] Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. Thus, in *Othello*,

"The *riches* of the ship *is* come ashore." MALONE.

Line 476. *O, let those cities, that of plenty's cup*—] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear;*

"—— Take physick, pomp!"

Again, *ibidem*;

"Let the *superfluous* and lust-dieted man," &c. MALONE.

Line 495. *And make a conquest of unhappy* me,] I believe a letter was dropped at the press, and would read:

—— *of unhappy* men, *&c.* MALONE.

Line 496. Whereas *no glory's*—] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*. MALONE.

Line 508. —— *if he on peace* consist;] If he *stands* on peace. A Latin sense. MALONE

ACT II.

Line 7. *I'll show you those*, &c] I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness. MALONE.

Line 12. *Thinks all is* writ *he spoken can;*] Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy *writ*. "As true as the *gospel*," is still common language. MALONE.

Line 25. ——— *was not best*—] The construction is, And that for him to make his rest longer in Tharsus, was not best; i. e. his best course. MALONE.

Line 65. ——— *when I saw the* porpus *how he bounced and tumbled?*] The rising of porpuses near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors, as the fore-runner of a storm. So, in *The Duchess of Malfy*, by Webster, 1623; "He lifts up his nose like a *foul* porpus before a storm." MALONE

Line 101. ——— *to* cast *thee in our way!*] He is playing on the word *cast*, which anciently was used both in the sense of *to throw*, and *to vomit*. MALONE.

Line 128. ——— flap-jacks;] i. e. *pancakes*.

Line 160. ——— *and what a man cannot get*, &c] This passage, in its present state, is to me unintelligible. We might read—"O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may not lawfully deal for;—his wife's soul." MALONE.

Line 165. ——— bots *on't*,] The *bots* are the worms that breed in horses. This comick execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV*. and in many other old plays. MALONE.

Line 211. ——— *a pair of* bases,] *Bases* signified the *housings* of a horse, and may have been used in that sense

here. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*;

"And with his streaming blood his *bases* dide."

MALONE.

Line 239. *The* word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*] What we now call the *motto*, was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot*, by our old writers. *Le mot*, French. So, in Marston's Satires, 1599;

"——— Fabius' perpetual golden coal,
"Which might have *semper idem* for a *mot*."

These Latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspeare, or as an argument to show that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were so fashionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he might easily have been furnished with these shreds of literature. MALONE.

Line 257. *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth *device?* MALONE.

Line 281. *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

MALONE.

Line 320. ——*wishing him my* meat!] I am afraid a jingle here intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I believe, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in Warwickshire, pronounced alike. The address to *Juno* countenances this supposition. MALONE.

Line 334. Where *now his son's a glow-worm in the night*,] *Where* is, I suppose, here, as in many other places, used for *whereas*.

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a single word;

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire." MALONE.

Line 395. *I will not have excuse, with saying*, this
Loud musick is too harsh—] i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour. MALONE.

Line 456. *And be* resolv'd, *he lives to govern us,*] *Resolv'd* is *satisfied*, free from doubt. So, in a subsequent scene:
" *Resolve* your angry father, if my tongue," &c.
MALONE.

Line 459. *Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our* censure;] *censure*, i. e. *opinion*.

Line 469. *Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,*
Where's hourly trouble, &c.] Thus the old copy.
STEEVENS.

On ship board the pain and pleasure may be in the proportion here stated; but the troubles of him who plunges *into the sea*, (unless he happens to be an expert swimmer,) are seldom of an hour's duration. MALONE.

Line 586. *Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.*] Even as my life loves my blood that supports it. MALONE.

ACT III.

Line 9. *Hymen hath* brought *the bride* to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;] Thus in Twine's translation: "The bride was *brought to bed*, and Apollonius tarried not long from her, where he accomplished the duties of marriage, and faire Lucina *conceived with childe the same night.*"

Line 13. *With your fine fancies quaintly* eche;] i. e. *eke out*.
MALONE.

Line 15. *By many a* dearn *and painful perch*, &c.] *Dearn* is *direful, dismal*. MALONE.

Line 17. *By the four opposing* coignes,] By the four oppo-

site *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabric of the world. MALONE.

Line 45. ——— *half the flood*
Hath their keel cut;] They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind. MALONE.

Line 55. *I nill relate;*] The *further* consequences of this storm I shall not describe. MALONE.

Line 57. *Which might not what by me is told.*] i. e. which might not *conveniently convey* what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related. MALONE.

Line 84. *Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.*] Our author uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in *The Tempest:*

"You mar our labour;—keep your cabins; *you do assist the storm.*" MALONE.

Line 92. *Vie honour with yourselves.*] The meaning is sufficiently clear.—*In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.* MALONE.

Line 107. ——— *I do not fear the* flaw;] i. e. the *blast.* MALONE.

Line 137. *Bring me the sattin* coffer;] The old copies have —*coffin.* It seems somewhat extraordinary that Pericles should have carried a coffin to sea with him. We ought, I think, to read, as I have printed,—*coffer.* MALONE.

Line 173. *The very* principals *did seem to rend,*
And all to topple:] The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. MALONE.

Line 178. *'Tis not our* husbandry.] *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. MALONE.

Line 204. *To please the* fool *and* death.] The *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old moralities.

They are mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure*
" ——— merely thou art *death's fool*," &c. MALONE.

Line 242. ——— mundane—] i. e. *worldly*. MALONE.

ACT IV.

Line 12. ——— *oft the wrack*
Of earned *praise*,] Praise that has been well *deserved*. MALONE.

Line 21. ——— *or when to the lute*
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records *with moan* ;] " A bird (I am informed) is said to *record*, when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with bird-fanciers at this day." MALONE.

Line 31. *With* absolute *Marina* ;] i. e. *highly accomplished perfect*. MALONE.

Line 45. Prest *for this blow*.] *Prest* is *ready* ; *pret*, Fr. MALONE.

Line 59. *No*, [*no*], *I will rob Tellus of her* weed,
To strew thy green *with flowers* :] Thus the quartos. In the folio *grave* was substituted for *green*. By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont suggests to me, was meant " the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered." *Weed* in old language meant *garment*. MALONE.

Line 93. *With more than foreign heart*.] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman. MALONE.

Line 95. *Our paragon to all reports*,] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once *equal to* all that fame said of it. MALONE.

Line 99. ——— reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old.] *To reserve* is here to *guard*, to *preserve* carefully. MALONE.

Line 121. *That almost* burst *the deck,*] *Burst* is frequently used by our author in an active sense. MALONE.

Line 121. ——— *from the ladder-tackle*
Wash'd off a canvas-climber:] A *ship-boy.*
MALONE.

Line 196. *Ay, she quickly* pooped *him;*] The following passage in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will sufficiently explain this singular term:

" —— foul Amazonian trulls,
" Whose lanterns are still lighted in their *poops.*"
MALONE.

Line 230. ———*that she may not be* raw *in her entertainment.*] *Unripe, unskilful.* MALONE.

Line 286. ——— *that* cowers *i'the hams?*] *Cowers*, i. e. *bends.*

Line 289. —— *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.*] If there be no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it. MALONE.

Line 297. ——— *we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. MALONE.

Line 310. ——*for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with* warrant.] You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to *warrant* her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some con-

straint. *Which is her way to with warrant*, means only—*to which she is entitled to go.* MALONE.

Line 355. *Unless you play the* impious innocent,] She calls him an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an *idcot.*

MALONE.

Line 376. ——— a malkin,
Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin*, i. e. a *coarse wench.* MALONE.

Line 380. *It* greets *me, as an enterprize of kindness,*
Perform'd to your sole daughter.] Perhaps *it greets me*, may mean, *it pleases me*; c'est à mon gré.

MALONE.

Line 394. *Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;*] You resemble one who is angry with heaven, because it does not controul the common course of nature. Marina, likes the flies in winter, was fated to perish; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence.

MALONE.

Line 398. *Sail seas in* cockles,] We are told by Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that "it was believed that witches could *sail* in an egg shell, a *cockle*, or muscle shell, through and under tempestuous seas"—This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts

MALONE.

Line 429 ——— *who first is gone.*] Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

Line 454. ——— (*and swears she'll never* stint,)] She'll never *cease.* MALONE.

Line 493. *How now?* How *a dozen of virginities?*] For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II.

"*How* a score of ewes now?" MALONE.

Line 533. ——— *without any more* virginal *fencing,*] This uncommon adjective occurs again in *Coriolanus:*

" —— the *virginal* palms of your daughters—."

MALONE.

Line 539. *My lord, she's not* paced *yet;*] She has not yet learned her *paces.* MALONE.

Line 651. ——— *to every* coystrel

That hither comes enquiring for his tib;] To every mean or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Coysterel* is properly a *wine-vessel. Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitha.* It was formerly a cant name for a strumpet. MALONE.

ACT V.

Line 6. *Deep clerks she dumbs;*] Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. MALONE.

Line 6. ——— *and with her* neeld *composes*—] *Neeld* for *needle.* MALONE.

Line 11. *Her* inkle, *silk, twin with the rubied cherry;*] *Inkle* is a species of tape. MALONE.

Line 141. ——— *and* aukward *casualties*—] *Aukward* for *adverse.*

Line 168. *Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,*

The more she gives them speech.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra;*

" Other women cloy

" The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,

" Where most she satisfies." MALONE.

Line 175. *And how achiev'd you these endowments, which*
You make more rich to owe?] *owe*, i. e. *own* or *possess.*

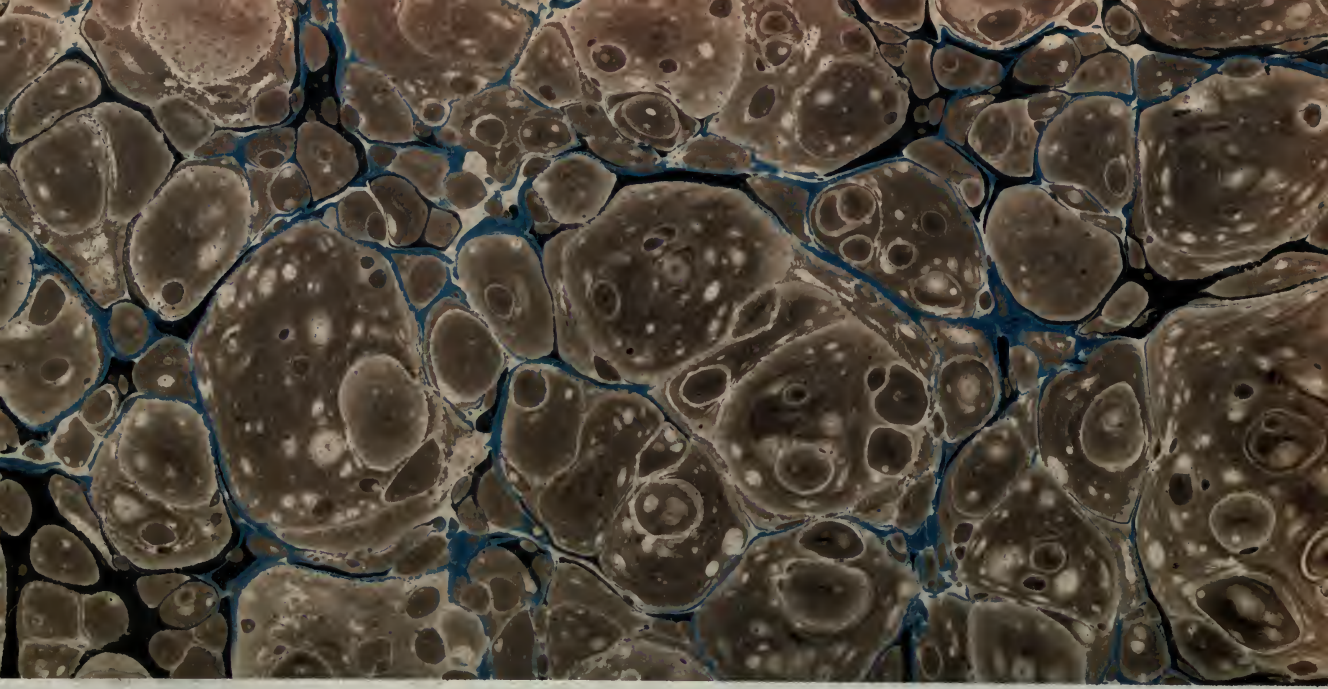
Line 245. *This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep*—] The words, *This is the rarest dream*, &c. are not addressed to Marina, but spoken aside. MALONE.

Line 344. ——— *goddess* argentine,] That is, regent of the silver moon. MALONE.

Line 373. *Till* he *had done his sacrifice*,] That is, till *Pericles* had done his sacrifice. MALONE.

Line 375. *The interim, pray, you, all* confound.] To *confound* here signifies to *consume.* MALONE.

END OF THE ANNOTATIONS ON PERICLES.



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